



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Concert Choir



Debra Cairns, Conductor
David Sawatzky, Assistant Conductor

Friday, April 6, 2001 at 8:00 pm



Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

Pater Noster Igor Stravinsky
Ave Maria (1882-1971)

Ave Verum György Orbán
(b.1947)

From **Six Latin Hymns**, Op. 40 Otto Olsson
Jesu dulcis memoria (1879-1964)

Rob Curtis, baritone

I will not leave you comfortless William Byrd
(1543-1623)

Justorum animae Charles Villiers Stanford
(1852-1924)

Psalm 121 Zoltán Kodály
(1882-1967)

David Sawatzky, conductor

Os Justi meditabitur sapientiam Anton Bruckner
(1824-1896)

Deus in adjutorium meum Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Salmo 150 Ernani Aguiar
(b. 1949)

Intermission

From **Four Part Songs**, Op. 92 Johannes Brahms
O Schöne Nacht (1833-1897)

Spätherbst

Abendlied

Megan Miller, piano

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen

Hugo Alfvén
(1872-1960)

Sommarpsalm

Waldemar Åhlén
(1894-1982)

Four Slovak Folk Songs

Béla Bartók
(1881-1945)

Megan Miller, piano

Soon ah will be done wi' de troubles of dis worl'

arr. Diane K Loomer

Marie Quimet, alto

Plenty good room

Kirby Shaw

From **Old American Songs**

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Long Time Ago

I Bought Me a Cat

Megan Miller, piano

Text and Translation

Pater Noster

Pater noster qui es in coelis,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum:
Adveniat regnum tuum:
Fiat voluntas tua,
Sicut in coelo et in terra:
Panem nostrum quotidianum
Da nobis hodie:
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra,
Sicut et nos dimittimus
Debitoribus nostris:
Et ne nos inducas in tentationem:
Sed libera nos a malo.
Amen.

Our Father Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be your Name:
Your Kingdom come,
Your will be done
On earth as in heaven:
Give us this day
our daily bread
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive
our debtors:
And lead us not into temptation,
But free us from evil.
Amen.

Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum:
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.
Sancta Maria, mater Dei,
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with you,
Blessed are you among women,
And blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, mother of God,
Pray for us sinners,
Now and in the hour of our death.
Amen.

Ave Verum

Ave Verum Corpus
natum de Maria Virgine:
Vere passum immolatum
in cruce pro homine:
Cujus latus perforatum
aqua fluxit et sanguine.
Esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.

Hail, true Body,
born of the Virgin Mary.
Truly suffered, was sacrificed
on the cross for all mortals,
From whose pierced side
flowed water and blood.
Be a foretaste for us
in our time of death.

O Jesu dulcis!
O Jesu pie!
O Jesu Fili Mariae.

O Jesus sweet!
O Jesus pure!
O Jesus, son of Mary.

Jesu Dulcis Memoria

Jesu dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel, et omnia,
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Jesus, how fair the thought of you,
From whom all joy and goodness flow;
But far beyond what mind can frame,
Is your gracious presence in the soul.

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

There is no sweeter name to sing,
No more pleasant sound to hear,
The mind can have no fairer thought
Than Jesus, very Son of God.

Jesu spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus.

Jesus, hope of the penitent,
How gracious to all who ask,
How good you are to those who seek,
But even more to those who find.

Jesu Dulcis Memoria (cont'd.)

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Sit Jesu nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus praemium,
Sit nostra in te gloria,
Per cuncta semper saecula.
Amen.

Justorum animae

Wisdom, iii
Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt,
Et non tanget illos tormentum malitiae.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori,
Illi autem sunt in pace.

Os Justi meditabitur sapientiam

Psalms 37:30-31
Os Justi meditabitur sapientiam,
Et lingua ejus loquetur judicium.
Lex Dei ejus in corde ipsius:
et non supplantabuntur gressus ejus.

Deus in adjutorium meum...

Psalms 70
Deus in adjutorium meum intende,
Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.
Confundantur et revereantur,
Qui quaerunt animam meam.

Avertantur retrorsum,
Et erubescant, qui volunt mihi mala.
Avertantur statim, erubescantes,
Qui dicunt mihi: euge, euge.

Exsultent et laetentur
In te omnes qui quaerunt te,
Et dicant semper:
Magnificetur Dominus:
Qui diligunt salutare tuum.

Ego vero egenus et pauper sum:
Deus adjuva me.
Adjutor meus et liberator meus es tu:
Domine ne moreris.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
Et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen

The tongue can never find the words;
There are no words that can express,
Except the silent word of faith,
The joy that Jesus' love can give.

O Jesus, be our joy below,
Who is our future great reward,
So may we glory in your love,
As all the endless ages run.
Amen

The souls of the just are in the hand of God,
And the torment of malice shall not touch them:
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die,
But they are in peace.

The mouth of the righteous man utters wisdom,
And his tongue speaks what is just.
The law of his God is in his heart;
His feet do not slip.

Hasten, O God, to save me;
O Lord, come quickly to help me.
May those who seek my life
Be put to shame and confusion.

May all who desire my ruin
Be turned back in disgrace.
May those who say to me, "Aha! Aha!"
Turn back because of their shame.

But may all who seek you
Rejoice and be glad in you;
And always say,
"Great is the Lord
For those who love your salvation."

Yet I am poor and needy;
Come quickly to me, O God.
You are my help and my deliverer;
O Lord, do not delay.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be; World without end.
Amen.

Salmo 150 (Psalm 150)

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius
Laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius.
Laudate eum in virtutibus eius.
Laudate eum secundum multitudinem
magnitudinis eius.
Laudate eum in sono tubae.
Laudate eum in psalterio et cithara.
Laudate eum in timpano et choro.
Laudate eum in cordis et organo.
Laudate eum in cymbalis benesonantibus.
Laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis.
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

Praise ye the Lord in his holy places:
Praise ye him in the firmament of his power.
Praise ye him for his mighty acts:
Praise ye him according to the multitude of
his greatness.
Praise him with sound of trumpet:
Praise him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with timbrel and choir:
Praise him with strings and organs.
Praise him on high sounding cymbals:
Praise him on cymbals of joy:
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord!

O Schöne Nacht

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer

O schöne Nacht!
Am Himmel märchen haft erglänzt der Mond
In seiner ganzen Pracht;
Um ihn der kleinen Sterne
Liebliche Genossenschaft.

Oh lovely night!
In heaven above the moon shines bright,
In splendor glowing;
The stars in happy laughter
Shimmer sweetly by her side.

O schöne Nacht!
Es schimmert hell der Tau am grünen Halm;
Mit Macht im Fliederbusche
Schlägt die Nachtigall;
Der Knabe schleicht
Zu seiner Liebsten sacht.
O schöne Nacht!

Oh lovely night!
The dew glows brightly on the green grass;
With might in lilac bushes
Chirps the nightingale;
The lover comes
Upon his love so softly.
Oh lovely night!

Spätherbst

Text: Hermann Allmers

Der graue Nebel tropft so still
Herab auf Feld und Wald und Heide,
Als ob der Himmel weinen will
In übergroßem Leide.

The somber mist is falling still
On woodland fair, on field, and hedgerow,
As if the heavens sadly mourn
In overwhelming sorrow.

Die Blumen wollen nicht mehr blühen,
Die Vöglein schweigen in den Hainen,
Es starb sogar das letzte Grün,
Da mag er auch wohl weinen.

The blooming flow'rs no more are seen,
The little birds are quiet in the woods.
And dies the last of summer's green,
As though all were weeping.

Abendlied

Text: Friedrich Hebbel

Friedlich bekämpfen
Nacht sich und Tag;
Wie das zu dämpfen,
Wie das zu lösen vermag!

Der mich bedrückte,
Schläfst du schon, Schmerz?
Was mich beglückte,
Sage, was wars doch, mein Herz?

Freude wie Kummer,
Fühl ich zerrann,
Aber den Schlummer
Führten sie leise heran.

Und im Entschweben,
Immer empor,
Kommt mir das Leben
Ganz wie ein Schlummerlied vor.

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen med rödan
gullband,
Det binder hon om sin kärastes arm.

Men kära min lilla jungfru knyt inte
så hårdt.
Jag ämnar ej att rymma bort.

Och jungfrun hon går och lossar på rödan
gullband.
Så hastigt den skälmen åt skogen då sprang.

(Pang, Pang! Ha ha)
Då sköto de efter honom med femton gevär.
Och vill ni mig något, så ha ni mig
här.

Calm of the evening
Eases the day
Turmoil and anguish
Vanish away as magic.

Cares that oppress me
Are you already asleep?
I now feel happy,
Tell me, my heart, what was it then?

Gladness like sorrow,
I feel has melted away,
I sink to slumber
Wafted in quiet release.

Tranquilly soaring
High in the sky,
All my long life
Now seems like a sweet lullaby.

The maiden goes dancing with a ribbon
so red,
She ties it around her sweetheart's arm.

Oh my dearest little maiden please don't tie it
so hard.
I have no intention of running away.

The maiden then frees him from the ribbon
so red.
Quickly the rascal to the forest then flees.

With fifteen long muskets they chase after him.
He laughingly mocks them and says "Here I
am."

Sommarpsalm

Text: D. C. af Wirsén

En vänlig grönskas rika dräkt
Har smyckat dal och ängar.
Nu smeker vindens ljumma fläkt
De fagra örtesängar;
Och solens ljus och lundens sus
Och vågens sorl bland viden
Förkunna sommartiden.

Sin lycka och sin sommarro
De yra fåglar prisa;
Ur skogens snår, ur stilla bo
Franklingar deras visa.
En hymn går opp med fröjd och hopp
Från deras glada kväden
Från blommorna och träden.

Men du, o Gud, som gör vår jord
Så skön i sommarns stunder,
Giv, att jag aktar främst ditt ord
Och dina nådesunder.
Allt kött är hö, och blomstren dö
Och tiden allt fördriver
Blott Herrens ord förbliver.

Four Slovak Folk Songs

I

Lányát az anya férjhez úgy adta
Idegen országba,
megmondta neki: többé ne is lássa.

Átváltozom én rigómadárrá,
Anyámhoz úgy szállok,
Kertjébe ülök egy rózsatőre,
Reája úgy várok.

Az anyja kinéz: Furcsa egy madár,
Be nagyon búsan szól;
Szállj le csak hess, te rigómadár
Én rózsabokromról.

Rossz férjhez adtál, jo anyám, engem
Idegen országba;
Nehéz a sora hej, bizony annak,
Kinek rossz a párja!

The earth adorned in verdant robe
Sends praises upward surging,
While soft winds breathe on fragrant flow'rs
From winter now emerging.
The sunshine bright gives warmth and light
To budding blossoms tender,
Proclaiming summer splendour.

From out the wood, the birds now sing
And each its song now raises,
To join with all the universe
In voicing thankful praises.
With hope and joy their songs employ
A rapturous exultation
In praise of God's creation

O God, amid these joys of life,
Creation's glory beaming,
Grant us the grace to keep your word
And live in love redeeming.
All flesh is grass, the flowers fade,
And time is fleeting ever;
God's word remains forever.

Thus sent the mother her little daughter
Into a distant land. Sternly she bid her,
"Follow thy husband! Never return to me!"

"Lo! I shall change me into a blackbird,
Fly to my mother's home;
There I'll be waiting, sad in her garden.
On a white lily's stem."

Out came the mother, "Who is this
blackbird?
Strange is her song and sad;
Forth and begone now, go little birdling,
From my white lily's stem."

"To a bad husband mother has sent me
forth to a distant land.
Why must I suffer such bitter pining,
In an illmated bond."

Four Slovak Folk Songs (cont'd.)

II

Havasi legelőn,
viragos nagy mezőn
Olyan jól aludtam,
az ágyban sem jobban.

Boglyában a széna,
Nincsen több dolgom ma,
Gyerünk le
A hegyről a völgybe.

Where the Alps soar so free
flowery vale bright with glee,
There to rest!
There's no bed in the world softer!

Done the work for today,
Filled the barn with hay,
When comes the night,
Let us turn gently home oh brothers

III

Enni, inni van csak kedved
S elmenni a táncba,
Bezzeg nem volt soha kedved
Szoknyaráncoláshoz,
A négy garast a dudásnak
Azt is én fizettem,
S te táncoltál, én csak álltam,
Senkise hitt engem.

Food and drink's your only pleasure,
And to dance so madly.
But to work with pin and needle
Never appeals to thee.
To the merry bagpipe player
Have I paid some money,
For while you are dancing, I stand by alone,
nobody cares for me.

IV

Szóljon a duda már,
Táncra vár minden pár,
Vigan szóljon ügyesen,
Talp alá való legyen!
Fujd csak még vigabban,
Még két garasom van:
A kocsmáros egyet kap,
Dudásnak is egy marad.
Mig élt, kecske volt ez,
Jaj be táncos, kényes;
Nem járja már a táncát,
Kettétörték a lábát.

Bagpipes are playing!
Dancers are swaying!
Piper play till all is spent,
To our hearts' and heels' content!
Play on, bright and bonny,
While we have the money!
Tavern keeper, one for you!
Here is for the piper too!
Once a goat was straying;
Now his skin is playing!
While the goat no more can prance,
Bagpipe now makes young folk dance!

The University of Alberta Concert Choir, 2000-2001

Debra Cairns, conductor

David Zawatzky, assistant conductor

Megan Miller, accompanist

Soprano I

Kathleen Chantal Cooper

Aynsley Crouse

Megan Hall

Julie Ingraham

Liesel Knall

Christy McColl

Christina Schmolke

Suzanne Sharp

Jen Venance

Caitlin Wells

Kym White

Soprano II

Annique Comeau

Erin Currie

Heather Davidson

Maria Holub

Sara King

Ariane Maisonneuve

Tracy Preston

Lindsay Schneider

Lindsey Sikora

I-Funn Elizabeth Yu

Alto I

Tomoe Aoki

Emily Chiang

Lisa Eshpeter

Renna Hoang

Katherine King

Stephanie Kwan

Teresa LaRocque Walker

Annalise Mikulin

Megan Miller

Kristine Nielsen

Catharine Reed

Danielle Salmon

Katya Yushchenko

Alto II

Lisa Brownie

Rebecca Carter

Morghen Elliot

Megan Faulkner

Jacelyn Jagessar

Elizabeth Keeler

Guyllaine Lefebvre-Maunder

Marie-Josée Ouimet

Tenor

James Andrews

Andrew Bore

Richard Cui

Raymond Hansen

Craig McLauchlan

Michael Pack

David Sawatzky

David Ward

Erin Waugh

Baritone/Bass

Shawn Ahmad

Scott Campbell

Ian Craig

Rob Curtis

Paul Flowers

Percy Graham

Steven Greenfield

Armin Grundmann

Peter Leoni

Jeff Lynch

Richard Reimer

Kevin Semenjuk

Davin Swenson

Andrew Switzer

Michael Wiens

Upcoming Events:

8 Sunday, 8:00 pm

The University Symphony Orchestra
Malcolm Forsyth, Conductor
with Janet Scott Hoyt, piano
Program will include works by
Wagner, Schumann and Brahms

9 Monday, 12:00 pm

Noon-Hour Organ Recital
The recital presents a variety of organ
repertoire played by students, faculty
and guests of the University of Alberta
Department of Music. Free admission

14 Saturday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital
Leanne Regehr, piano
Works by Bach, Fauré and Schubert
Free admission

18 Wednesday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital
Carolina Giesbrecht, violin
Program will include works by Franck,
Villa-Lobos and Saint-Saëns.
Free admission

27 Friday, 8:00 pm

Faculty & Friends
Alvin Lowrey, trumpet
Fordyce Pier, trumpet
Russell Whitehead, trumpet
Douglas Zimmerman, trumpet
Gerald Onciul, French horn
John McPherson, trombone
Kathryn Macintosh, trombone
Megan Hodge, trombone
Scott Whetham, tuba
Michael Massey, conductor
An evening with Philip Jones
Compositions and arrangements



Unless otherwise indicated

Admission: \$5/student/senior, \$10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to
change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to
confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded
message will inform you of any changes to our
schedule).